

ESTABLISHED
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It has the largest
bona fide circulation
of any Afro-American journal
published at the
Capital.

Washington Bee

VOL. XII

WASHINGTON, D. C., SATURDAY MARCH 3, 1894.

NO 26

CURBSTONE CHIT AND CHAT.

The News of the City Dished Up for
The Bee Readers.

PERSONAL POINTS POINTEDLY PUT.

Home News and Events Transpired Since Our Last Issue—Other Matters Worthy of Careful Consideration.

Messrs. Bruce, Smith and George deny that they were removed from the Colored American.

Yorick Smith is showing the Ford's Theatre disaster.

Miss Flora Williams has returned to the city from Mrs. Webb in Loudoun, where she went on a pleasant trip.

Hon. C. H. J. Taylor, it is reported, will be appointed recorder of deeds if an outside man is appointed.

If a District man is appointed it will be either Dr. Jerome R. Riley or Prof. W. L. Brown.

Dr. C. B. Crusor is being urged for an assistant surgeon in charge of the Freedman's Hospital.

Dr. Crusor is one of the most skillful physicians in this city.

Dr. Daniel H. Williams, the new surgeon in charge of the Freedman's hospital will arrive in the city next week.

Col. M. P. Parker retires from the commissionery with the contempt of all honest republicans.

The Colored American should publish another sketch of Cordozo and then rest.

The education he received in Scotland will not do in our high school today.

Rev. W. J. Howard has an associate in securing white lawyers for colored clients.

Look out for the eight-page Bee printed on its new press.

It is reported that Mr. Hoke Smith will suggest the appointment of an assistant to Dr. Williams.

Hoke Smith had better make good the three years he is in, as it will be his last chance.

The negro democrats are in the soup.

There should be a bastardy law passed by Congress.

There is a great deal of unnecessary talk going on in Congress.

Rev. James Howard is growing unpopular among his congregation.

Negro republicans who are catering for favors have joined the colored democratic league.

Recorder Bruce is not ready to resign yet. The Bee is of the opinion that Mr. Bruce knows when he will retire.

Miss Flora Williams will probably be appointed book keeper at the Freedman's hospital. Dr. Williams could not do a better thing.

The retirement of Dr. Purvis takes from the hospital one of the best physicians in the country.

Six efforts have been made by the emancipators to have a meeting, and yet they have not succeeded.

Send in your advertisement for the eight-page Bee. It will be the liveliest and newest paper in the country.

The editor will leave for New York next week to complete arrangements for his new outfit.

The snake has been appointed to succeed a good grand army man in the health office. This same snake made an effort by fraud to succeed the editor of the Bee.

Strange that a few negro democrats don't apply for positions under the marshal.

Ex-Editor Thornton does not anticipate starting a paper in this city.

R. C. O. Benjamin has accepted a position on the editorial staff of the Bee.

George Martin has entered into another contract with Madame Sisseretta Jones for April 16.

George Williams, Jr., has gone to his home in Virginia.

THIRD BAPTIST REVIVAL.

At the Third Baptist Church, corner of 5th and Q streets n. w., the Rev. James H. Lee preached to a packed house on Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, subject, "The Great Commissioner," after which he baptized 44 candidates.

At 3 p.m., after giving a talk on the duties of church members, he received 50 persons into membership. At 7:30 p.m., he preached from Second Kings, 5:14, subject, "God's Plan of Salvation." There are now 197 converts and 123 seekers after Eternal Light and Eternity, mostly young people.

THEY SAY.

The boys are disappointed.

There is no hope for negro democrats.

Editor Ross, of the National Freeman, denounces the dismissal of colored employees from the Bureau of Engraving and Printing.

Read Benjamin's book on Southern outrages.

The new surgeon in charge of the Freedman's hospital will take charge in March.

Suffrage is what the people want in this city.

28,000 people disappointed.

McKinley may be the nominee in '96.

That is if Levi P. Morton is not elected governor of New York.

Morton was not fairly treated in 1892.

The official ax is still cutting off the heads of negro republicans.

There should be a bastardy law passed.

It is to be hoped that Judges Miller and Kimball will urge the passage of a bastardy law.

It is greatly needed in this city.

Is there hope for the negro?

He is divided against himself.

The race will, it is hoped, succeed.

Be honest in your dealings with your fellow man.

The day will soon come when the negro will see his error.

The Bethel Literary Association have a great closing this year.

Jesse Roy is authority on sporting matters.

He knows what he is talking about.

He predicted Corbett's easy victory over Mitchell.

He has money to put on Jackson.

Will a colored man be appointed recorder.

Recorder Bruce is anxious that he succeeds him when he retires.

The press and pulpit should do its duty.

The Baptist Sunday School Union is doing good work.

Be up and doing is the watchword of the hour.

There are several applicants for assistant surgeon in charge of the Freedman's hospital.

Will Dr. Williams make any change?

If so who will it be?

The American should have published Cordozo's political record.

He is a failure as a teacher.

The high school needs a new head.

The people are dissatisfied and a change ought to be made.

Commissioner Ross will probably appoint a few negro democrats.

Why didn't some negro democrat apply for a position under the District Marshal?

No negro was holding position of bailiff under him.

That an application is on file from a negro democrat.

What is the excuse, will someone explain.

Senator Chandler made a good speech.

Probably some colored democrats will be nominated soon.

All the places have been taken.

Hoke Smith will take up some colored men for consideration soon.

Read the Bee and be happy.

LOW RATES TO BALTIMORE,
VIA B. & O.

Saturday, March 3d, the B. & O. will sell round trip tickets to Baltimore on all trains, and valid for return until following Monday at \$1.25.

STROLLS AMONG SPORTS.

(By your Uncle Roy.)

The baseball season comes apace, and the era of deed, trades, sales and signatures occupy a large amount of the time and attention of magnates and players alike. Contracts are being signed with unusual alacrity, at this time of the year, and the players who usually hold off for better terms, and incidentally for advertising purposes, are being corralled without effort. Such a desirable state of affairs may be accounted for I believe in the fact that the ball players are not exempt from the rigor of the weather and the depressing effect of the stringency in the money market. They need money, and a yearly contract with the welcome addendum of a good slice of advance money, is a tempting bait which they eagerly devour. Hence the comparative ease whereby clubs are now being organized.

Unfortunately an examination of the roster and records of the home team reveals naught upon which we can build hopes of embryonic triumphs in the dim vista. The management have not only not secured any players of established and proven ability, but just a while ago they seemed to be negotiating for the sale or transfer of the good men they now have. The adoption of such a ruinous policy cannot but result in disaster to the game in this city. Won't someone call these people off?

A depressing and unusual quietness pervades the puristic atmosphere at present. Aside from the slumbering interest in the Jackson-Corbett fight and the many offshoots of extraordinary purses for that go, there seems to be nothing of moment in the immediate future. Geo. Dixon is still on the road and to his very natural offer to meet Plummer on the 24th of the present month for the benefit of the Free Bread Fund in New York, Plummer telegraphs a polite declination. He (Plummer) pleads that he has an engagement in the west the week of the 19th and cannot possibly be in New York on the date of the entertainment. I cannot repress the conviction that Plummer doesn't like the job George offered him. Sensible Plummer.

Fred Morris, who has been in the city for some time, has gone to Boston, where he expects to find a customer. Fred has been in enforced idleness for some time and is unquestionably in earnest in his desire for a match.

Chuncey Jacobs, of Boston, paid us a flying visit last Wednesday and has already returned to the Hub. Chuncey is one of the best known sporting men in the country, and is with a thorough gentleman, a dead game sport and as handsome as Apollo.

MR. GEORGE MUST KNOW SOMETHING.

To the Editor of THE BEE:

Through the kindness of one of my many good friends in Washington, I am just in receipt of a copy of your very independent and individual paper of February 17th ult.

In your "Curbstone Chat" column you say: "Among those who have been removed from the Colored American, are Smith, Bruce and George."

If you want facts, just go or send to E. E. Cooper and ask him if A. B. George was "removed" from his Colored American staff. If he says "yes," let me know and you may hear some FACTS.

A. B. GEORGE,
Altoona, Pa.

\$1.25 TO BALTIMORE

via. the B. & O. Saturday, March 3d, tickets good on all trains and good for return until following Monday.

On same day tickets will also be sold from Baltimore to Washington at same rate.

Read the Bee and be happy.

CHARLES W. THOMPSON

Shaving and Hair Cutting Parlor,

1745 L Street Northwest,

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Open to All. Come and See Me.

HAVE YOU BOUGHT YOUR BLANKETS AND COMFORTS.

Now is the time, if you Hav'nt.

Blakets 98c. Up.
Comforts 50c. Up

Talk About Cloaks

You wouldnt ever dream about the bargains we are offering.

Heavy Cloth Long Coats \$2.40,

Heavy Cloth Refers \$2.

And Rare Bargains at Higher Prices.

COUPON:

This coupon entitles the holder to 5 per cent. discount on Blankets and 10 per cent. on Cloaks and Wraps. Cut it out bring it with you to

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914, 7th bet. I & K Sts., N. W.

THE GREATEST
Consignment Sale Clothing
EVER KNOWN

ENTIRE STOCK
OF A BALT MORE FIRM
MUST BE SOLD AT ONCE.

LESS THAN HALF

The Biggest Bargains of Your Life.

DONT' MISS IT!

MEN'S
Overcoats,

In Heavy Black Beavers and Meltons; a
\$7.50. Actu. value \$15.
Children Refers, \$2.75. Finest qual.
\$4.50. Wo. \$7.50

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The choicest wine, liquors, lager
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A fine delicacies of the season
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We will continue to sell our sixty
cents candy for 35 cents during the
winter months. Fresh daily. Try it
and be convinced.

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Opp. new city postoffice.

Society B Walker and J.</p

THE BEE.

Published every Saturday at 1109 1 Street, Northwest, Washington, D. C.

Entered at the Post Office at Washington as second class mail matter.

W. CALVIN CHASE, EDITOR.

OUR NEW COMMISSIONER.

The President, in the appointment of Mr. Trusdale, to succeed Col. M. M. Parker, the white man's Commissioner, has satisfied the people.

Mr. Trusdale is a man of dignity and honor and will look fair above party feelings to improve the condition of the city of magnificent distances. The Bee has no tears to shed for the retirement of Col. Parker. It would have been more beneficial to district republicans had he not been appointed.

The limited time Col. Parker was Commissioner he was of the opinion that white starving Republicans should be taken care of to the detriment of negro Republicans, which was his hobby, whenever he discharged.

WHY NOT?

There should be organized among the colored women of this country a "woman's rights organization." The sooner this movement is started the greater good it will accomplish.

Stewart M. Lewis is no longer connected with the Bee.

BRUCE WAS THERE.

Senator and Mrs. Bruce, on entering Metzger's Hall, Tuesday evening, during the session of the Woman's Suffrage Convention, took seats in the rear of the hall, but the keen eyes of the President, Miss Susan B. Anthony, espied them at once, and she immediately appointed a committee, of which Rev. Miss Anna Shaw was at the head, to escort the distinguished pair to the platform. The Senator was introduced to the audience by Miss Anthony in her happiest style and he made a short but telling speech in favor of the rights of women. He utilized the opportunity to get in a good word for the colored people of the country. His speech was loudly applauded by the audience.

NAIL-UPSHA W.

WEDDING PRESENTS.

Among the many handsome presents received at the marriage of Mr. Francis Upshaw to Miss Ella P. Nash, were the following:

Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, of New York, a silver berry bowl, lined with gold and elaborately carved; Mr. John Craig, a silver frosted butter dish; Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Beckett, a handsome ebony clock with ornament; Mrs. S. E. Lovett and Miss Florence, a handsome mirror, mounted in bronze; Messrs. Wm. Craig and Wm. P. Harding, of Washington, a handsome sofa pillow; Mr. Wyatt Archer, a handsome china vegetable dish; Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Baker, a china cracker jar; Misses Alice and Florence Williams, achina vase; Mrs. H. J. Bansdell, achina cream pitcher; Miss Imogene Howard, carved silver sugar spoon; Mr. Theo. Luica, half dozen fruit knives; Mrs. W. H. Haynes, half dozen water glasses; Miss Lula Prater, fancy china cup and saucer; Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Merrilweather, silver berry spoon; Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Johnson, embroidered slippers; Mrs. J. L. Matthews, handsome night dress, trimmed with lace and ribbon; Miss Louise Sinclair, Japanese vase; Mr. J. W. Mays, handsome picture; Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Syphax, glass vase; Mrs. Green, handsomely embroidered silk kerchief; Miss Hall, Medina, Pa., set of damask napkins; Miss Mamie Martin and sister, handsome fur rug; Mrs. Evans Lewis, a yellow salad dish; Miss Bessie Francis, set of damask napkins; Mr. and Mrs. Highman, silver salad spoon; Miss Jessie Spear, set of napkins; Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Bonney, damask table cloth; Dr. William Lofton, chenille table cover; Mr. and Mrs. William Wilkinson, half dozen fruit plates; Dr. and Mrs. Norwood, handsome silver sugar bowl; Miss Lucy Moten, handsomely framed in bronze; Miss Ada C. Hand, oil painting; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gaines, chiné chocolate pitcher; Mr. and Mrs. James A. Shaw, handsome Japanese vase; Miss M. F. Marshall, half dozen fruit plates; Miss Josephine Lawson, two damask towels; Miss V. Giese, a silver pickle stand; Mrs. James E. Hunt, a fancy canape receiver; Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Clark, of New York, a handsome vase; Mrs. Alexander and daughters, a handsome willow rocker; Mr. Wm. McPherson, N. Y. Tribune, half dozen silver e fine spoons; Mr. Barry of N. Y. Sun, a silver butter knife; Miss Anna Tyson, two damask towels; Mr. Wm. G. Taylor, chenille table cloth; Miss Helen Cook, silver shoe buttoner; Mr. and Mrs. Lassifer, handsome china cracker jar; Miss Babe Jackson, handsome china cracker jar; Mr. Wm. A. Clark, set of silver desert spoons; Mrs. F. F. Robinson, a handsome night lamp; Mr. and Mrs. S. Carroll, Pittsburg, Pa., fur rug; Mr. Bazil Jackson, silver jewel case; Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Booker, silver sugar spoon; Miss Hattie B. George, a box of ruching; Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Watson, silver butter dish; Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Huthens, silver card receiver; Mr. and Mrs. Joice, case and berry dishes; Mr. Chester M. Brown, tea set; Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Richardson, Japanese vase; Misses Daisy W. Donoghue and Gertrude E. Sechendorff, a silver sugar bowl; Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Sechendorff, a silver water pitcher; Mrs. Robert Wilkinson, half-dozen water glasses.

A ONE-MAN TOWN.

The Curious Experience of a Commercial Traveler in Colorado.

I have discovered a town in Colorado which I believe is owned body, soul and spirit by one man. There is nothing very remarkable in all the real estate of a Western city being owned by a single individual, but this is the first time I have ever found a place where the business interests seemed to be practically in the hands of one man. The town has perhaps 500 inhabitants, and is the centre of a good agricultural district. The first day I arrived at it I went to the hotel, where I was introduced to the landlord, a busy, pushing individual, who seemed to have no time to eat, and who kept running about at short intervals and returning in breathless haste. I set down his activity to a bad case of boom fever, but was speedily undeceived.

Having occasion to get a banker's draft cashed, I called in at the little bank, and to my astonishment found the little hotel proprietor behind the counter. He greeted me as an old friend, and it occurred to my mind at once how readily the identification question would be settled if every hotel keeper were also a banker. My business was transacted promptly and satisfactorily, and then I proceeded to hire a rig at the livery stable to drive to a small neighboring town, where an old customer had just started in business. When I got back in the evening the hotel proprietor and banker was at the stable, and it was to him that I paid the \$3 charged for hire. In an aside he told me that he ran the livery stable because he could not lease the building to reliable tenants, adding that as corn was so cheap there was a pile of money in the use.

The next morning I called at the only really large store in the town. When I made my business known the young man told me that the proprietor was out, but that he would fetch him. A moment later the hotel keeper, banker and liveryman came in and I sold this local Pooh-bah a bill of goods large enough to make me feel happy for a week or two. It occurred to my mind that I might just as well have shown him the samples at the hotel, but I did not say so, and the transaction was satisfactorily completed.

The last discovery which astonished me was when I went for my mail on the arrival of the afternoon train. In the Postmaster, who was standing in his shirt sleeves behind the counter and distributing mail with great rapidity, I recognized the man whom I had already met in four different capacities, and I believe if I had not left the town that evening I should have discovered him in a half dozen more.—A commercial traveller, in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

How to Preserve Cider.

A pure, sweet cider is only obtainable from clean, sound fruit, and the fruit should, therefore, be carefully examined and wiped before grinding.

In the press use hair cloth or gunny in place of straw. As the cider runs from the press let it pass through a hair sieve into a large open vessel that will hold as much juice as can be expressed in one day. In one day, or sometimes less, the pomace will rise to the top, and in a short time grow very thick. When little white bubbles break through it draw off the liquid through a very small spigot placed about three inches from the bottom, so that the lees may be left behind. The cider must be drawn off into very clean, sweet casks, preferably fresh liquor casks, and closely watched. The moment the white bubbles before mentioned are perceived rising at the bung hole, rack it again. It is usually necessary to repeat this three times. Then fill up the cask, and add a tumbler of warm sweet oil and bung up tight. For very fine cider it is customary to add at this stage of this process about half a pound of glucose (starch sugar), or a smaller portion of white sugar. The cask should then be allowed to remain in a cool place until the cider has acquired the desired flavor.

In the meantime, clean barrels for its reception should be prepared, as follows: Some clean strips of rags are dipped in melted sulphur, lighted and burned in the bung-hole and the bung laid loosely on the end of the rag so as to retain the sulphur vapor within the barrel. Then tie up half a pound of mustard seed in a coarse muslin bag and put it in the barrel, fill the barrel with cider, and add about a quarter of a pound of fish-lash or fine gelatin dissolved in hot water. This is the old-fashioned way and will keep cider in the same condition as when it went into the barrel, if kept in a cool place, for a year.

Professional cider makers are now using calcium sulphite (sulphite of lime) instead of mustard and sulphur vapor. It is much more convenient and effectual. To use it, it is simply requisite to add one-eighth to one-quarter of an ounce of the sulphite to each gallon of cider in the cask, first mixing the powder in about a quart of the cider, and giving the latter a thorough shaking or rolling. After standing bunged several days to allow the sulphite to exert its full action it may be bottled off. The sulphite of lime (which should not be mistaken for the sulphate of lime) is a commercial article, costing about forty cents a pound by the barrel. It will preserve the sweetness of the cider perfectly; but unless care is taken not to add too much of it, it will impart a slight sulphurous taste to the cider. The bottles and corks used should be perfectly clean, and the corks dried wire.

A little cinnamon, wintergreen or sassafras, etc., is often added to sweet cider in the bottle, together with a drop or two of bicarbonate of soda at the moment of driving the stopper. This helps to neutralize free acids, and renders the liquid effervescent when unstopped; but if used to excess it may prejudicially affect the taste.

What a Preacher Resigned.

A venerable clergyman has resigned his charge in San Francisco because, as he asserted, the ladies of the choir giggled and the men joked while he was preaching his most eloquent sermons, and annoyed him so much that he was often tempted to sit down in the middle of his discourse and let them do all the talking.

What the Turk Is For.

Orthodox Turks shave the head with the exception of a tuft on the crown, which is left to insure a tight grip to the angel of the resurrection when he comes to pull them out of the grave on the day of judgment.

—TOPS UP.

Capt. —, an old river man, created quite a sensation by the peculiarity of the craft in which he once navigated the Missouri River, says the Kansas City Times. He was quite a sportsman, and on one of his hunting excursions his skiff was stolen or got adrift, leaving him near a small town about twenty miles above his home. He disliked to walk that distance and concluded to make a raft and float down. He lashed together four small logs five or six feet long in the form of a square, laid a piece of plank across, and then placed a discarded nail keg in the middle; then he got a newspaper, and lighting his pipe, shovelled off into the stream.

Floating swiftly along he passed in front of a negro cabin. The old negro stood on the bank and hollered: "Who's you goin', cap'n, on dat ting?" "Goin' to St. Louis!"

"Goin' on dat kag?"

"Yes."

"Fo' Gord!" was all the astonished negro could say.

The Captain, rather wondering at the negro, looked at his feet and found that on account of his weight and the water-soaked condition of the logs he had disappeared beneath the surface of the water, leaving nothing but the keg to show upon what he was riding. Not at all disconcerted, however, he continued his voyage and arrived home in safety.

Asbestos.

Some of the common ideas concerning asbestos appear to have resulted in mistakes of a serious practical nature. Thus, the usual conception that it is in no wise affected by heat is true only to the extent that, though infusible except at very high temperature, it is a fact that only a very moderate degree of heat—heating to low redness in a platinum crucible, for instance—is required to entirely destroy the flexibility of the fibre, and render it so brittle that it may easily be crumpled between the thumb and finger. Another mistake is that relating to its high non-conductivity or power of resisting the action of heat—the assumption being that because asbestos is infusible, it must, of necessity, be a good non-conductor. The contrary assertion to this is made and proved on good authority, namely, that by placing a vessel of water on a sheet of asbestos cardboard and applying heat from below, or, more properly still, by placing a piece of wood on a sheet of asbestos millboard on a hot stove. If, however, asbestos is teased out and worked into fluffy

SPECIAL NOTICE.

W. Calvin Chase, attorney and counselor at law, has moved in his new down town office, 406 5th and D streets, n. w., near the courts, where he can be seen from 8 to 4, after which time he can be seen at his up town office, 1109 I street, n. w. All kinds of law business to with care.

MACKENZIE BROS.,

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

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CAPITOL SAVINGS BANK

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Deposits received from 10 cts

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and above. . . . Treasurers of

churches, associations, and other

organizations can deposit funds

with this Bank and receive

interest. The money is

subject to check without

notice. . . . We shall be

glad to have you open an account

BANK OPEN FROM 9 A.M. TO 5 P.M.

THE COLUMBIA DESK CALL

ENDAR.

Which is issued annually by the Pope Manufacturing Company, of Columbia

Bicycle fame, is out for 1894, much im-

proved in appearance. It is a pad cal-

endar of the same size and shape as

those of previous years, having a leaf

for each day, but its attractiveness has

been heightened by the work of a

clever artist, who has scattered a series

of bright pen-drawings through it

pages. It also contains, as usual, man-

age appropriate and interesting contribu-

tions from people both bright and wis-

domed.

It is issued in a leatherette cover

and is bound in a leatherette cover

CARING FOR OIL STOVES.

Simple Rules to Prevent the Unpleasant Effects of Smoking.

Whenever I detect any odor in my stove I always find a cause for it, either in the oil which has flowed over the edge of the burner and is heated, but not burning freely like the oil in the wick, or in the half-burned, oily crust on the edge of the burner, or in a tiny speck of soot from a previous smoking. As soon as the cause is removed the odor disappears.

To clean the burners, turn the wick low, then wet a bit of soft cloth in hot, soapy water, wring quite dry and rub it well with kitchen mineral soap. With a dull-pointed knife or a wooden skewer rub the cloth into the inside of the burner down about one-fourth of an inch, and scour off all the browned deposit. As in all other forms of scouring, a generous use of elbow grease is essential here.

All that will not scour off can be scraped off with a knife. Scour the outside of the burner and wipe off any oil, soot or charred wick that may be on the netting of the frame underneath. Then wipe with a dry cloth.

Turn up the wick and rub off any bits of charred wick or sand that may adhere to it. Wipe out the soot from the chimney. Brushing is not sufficient; it needs hard rubbing with a cloth. Use a stick or skewer to enable you to reach every spot. The wicks should be fitted so they will turn easily in the burner. Cut them even with the edge of the burner, and clip the corners a trifle lower.

Turn the wick up and down several times until you are sure it is even, then light it, and see that the flame is at a uniform height when turned as high as possible. Should there be any points that smoke, turn it out and trim again until it is even. When once the wick is even it will seldom need cutting. Merely rubbing off the charred part and clipping any loose threads is sufficient.

When ready to use the stove turn the wick up gradually and begin with a low flame; watch it carefully and increase the height after a little, but do not turn it to its full height at first, for as soon as the water boils in the kettle the flame seems to be drawn up, and it will surely smoke then if it did not before. After ten minutes it may be left with safety, but be careful that no strong draught reaches it, and never turn the wick so low that the combustion is imperfect. When not in use turn the wicks down till the flame goes out, and wipe off the oil from the burners.

If this oil be allowed to accumulate it hardens and burns on to the burner, and difficult to remove, and the more the stove is used the worse it smells; but after this crust is once thoroughly removed it is comparatively easy to keep the burner clean by simply rubbing it with a damp cloth and sand soap every time before lighting it.

By taking special pains that the stove shall not smoke a great amount of trouble may be avoided; for just as surely as it smokes long enough to deposit any soot on the stove just so surely will you have the odor of smoke until that soot has been removed. Merely lowering the wick does not remove the odor, and it is much easier to prevent its formation than to extinguish the flame and delay your other work while you clean off the soot.—The Household.

DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE.

"Social Leader"—"Hello, 'Prominent Citizen.' Where've you been?"

"Been taking a rest while 'Leading Business Man' was being interviewed."

"Seen anything of 'Well-known Operator' lately?"

"Yes, saw him chatting with 'One Fully Acquainted with the Facts in the Case'."

"How about 'A Heavy Stockholder'?"

"Last I saw of him he was arm in arm with 'A High Official'."

"I saw a 'Leading Politician' and 'One Eminent in Reform Movements' just stepping into a restaurant looking for an 'Inside Party' but want to ask you if you met 'It Can Be Authoritatively Stated,' or 'On the Highest Authority' in your ramblings?"

"Certainly I did, and about half a square behind him I saw 'Refused to Allow the Use of His Name'."

" Didn't you encounter 'A Leader of the Opposition,' 'An Ecclesiastical Authority,' 'One Who Speaks on Behalf of His Fellow-Officers,' 'Official Mouthpiece,' 'Political Seer,' 'Eminent Financier,' 'An Old Employee,' 'Leading Director,' and all that crowd?"

"Say, Mr. 'Society Leader,' you're getting ahead of me. I guess hereafter I'll tell newspaper reporters to quote me as plain John Smith."—Philadelphia Call.

THE ARAB AT HOME.

Dr. J. P. Peters was the manager of the expedition sent out by the University of Pennsylvania in 1888 to explore the ruins of Babylon. "During the two years I was there," said he, "I lived with many of the wild tribes around the marches of Afghanistan. The conditions in which I found them were most deplorable. They were a most depraved race, robbing, cheating, lying, and fighting being the daily outline of their existence. The principal diet of these people is half-cooked barley bread, and with a large percentage of the tribes this forms the sole diet. When I offered twelve cents a day for diggers and guards I had half the population applying to me for work, and was forced to reduce the day's wages to ten cents. When one of these men has a headache his friends burn him with red-hot irons, and many times I have seen wounds carefully filled with iron rust. Their government, or rather lack of government, is a practical exhibition of Anarchy."

For the Lawyers

In the incident related below a boy twelve years old conquered a smart "shrewd lawyer fighting for a bad cause" was the important witness one of the lawyers, after cross-examining him severely, said:

"our father has been talking to you telling you how to testify, hasn't

he," said the boy.

"ow," said the lawyer, "just tell us your father told you to testify."

"Well," said the boy modestly, "then told me that the lawyers would and taught me, but if I would just care and tell the truth I could the same thing every time."

The lawyer didn't try to tangle up

the boy any more.

VALUE OF USEFULNESS.

The Workaday World Demands Industry and Persistence of All.

This is a day of industry and work. Young men who enter the great arena of life are wholly unable to battle with its hardships, vicissitudes and struggles unless they know something. After a boy leaves school and enters the field in search of work, equipped only with a smattering knowledge of "reading, writing and arithmetic," he finds that his dream of swaying the world with the majesty of his brain is dispelled by the fact that there is no market for his talents. He is compelled to walk the streets of a large city day after day, while the fangs of the wolf snap and grip in his face, or wander through the lanes and green fields in search of menial labor. The boy who grows weary with his lot and shifts from one field of labor to another, until he eventually acquires the name of "Jack-at-all-trades" dies a complete failure, unwept, unhonored and a pauper.

The boy who, upon leaving school, has sufficient sense to know that he is wholly incompetent to face a world of labor, where men have spent years in learning their trades, applies himself to the task of acquiring knowledge that will be useful and command a price in the market. In other words, when boys start in life, without money, without friends and without experience, there is no avocation that needs their inexperienced labor, and they are in the same position as a merchant who has \$100,000 worth of diamonds, and has for a market the wilds of Africa. The merchant will starve and die in his efforts to sell his diamonds, while a savage in the same place will pluck fruit and kill animals, and live sumptuously.

A boy may enter life with a bright intellect, cultivated and enriched by a thorough education, but he must first apply himself in such a manner that he can use his information and intellect in some line of labor that is in demand, before he can successfully compete with the practical men who are living in an age of labor. Thus, the success of a boy depends, to a great extent, upon the persistency with which he applies himself, and his aptness in acquiring knowledge that is worth money. There was never a time in the history of the world when inborn genius demanded money. It is the cultivated talent that rules the world, and in order to cultivate genius and labor must be expended. The brightest boy on earth will not be a mechanist in two days, and he must have the energy and manhood to select his business and stick to it until his industry, sobriety and efficiency command for him a remunerative salary.—Fort Worth Gazette.

STRANGE FACULTY OF REPTILES.

Bivalves and batrachians usually possess what may be termed the water-location sense.

My attention was first called to this by my brother, who, while engaged in a natural history expedition in southeastern Texas, had what at the time we both considered a unique experience with a large sea tortoise.

This tortoise had been surprised some distance from the water, among the sand dunes that line the Gulf shore, and on being overtaken had its head chopped off preparatory to serving as a very toothsome addition to our diet. Much to the surprise of the party the beheaded animal continued on its way towards the water.

Several times it was turned around, entirely or partly way, but every time it was able to right its position perfectly, and again make directly for the water.

At the time this was narrated to me I was of the opinion that there must have been something in the contour of the land that enabled the tortoise to regain the correct direction in each case.

Since then I have had numerous proof that this ability belongs to a number of species of these animals in the West Indies and that the loss of eyes and nasal organs of the entire head and neck in fact, apparently works no inconvenience to them in this particular. This is a family characteristic which, so far as I have been able to find, is not alluded to in any work concerning them.

My head was beginning to swim, and as a last resource, I suggested postponing the discussion for some future day, as I was anxious to talk to him about Home Rule (anything was better than this). But no, there was no shunting him off the line of his fad; and so, carefully closing the door, and binding him down to perfect secrecy, I laid my whole soul bare before him.

"Colonel," I said, "it is the good old days when the witches danced around their caldron to the tune of weird song, medicine was above the pitiful level of a mere art. But now, we modern medicine men, irrevocably harnessed to science, find that we have been dragging us through the ages a carload of vegetables (as for Covert Garden) to hawk about the streets and prate of; but the public are finding them stale, and the alkaloid of faith evaporated. A blatant agnosticism such as your own, which (pardon my saying so) is to me as blasphemous as an incubator has ruined men's chances of either living in ease or dying in comfort. And—sh!—I am not at all sure that a little knowledge has not made quacks of us all. What? You can't stay to lunch? You must come again soon, won't you?" —Pall Mall Budget.

RAG CARPET.

Making rag carpet is by no means a romantic occupation, but it is, just the same, a very useful one, and carried to a successful issue, provides the house with articles that are in some respects as good if not better, than reasonable amount of money could purchase, says the New York Ledger. They are better, because one is not afraid to use them, and economical, because they consume the bits and scraps that would otherwise cumber the closets and tuck-away corners, and the carpet may be as pretty and tasteful as the patience and ingenuity of the maker may please.

Sometimes it is worth while to dye rags for rugs and carpets, but this is not always necessary. White and light colors, contrary to well-accepted theories, are much more desirable than dark. They show soil less, and lint not at all, are more easily kept clean and may be washed with perfect impunity.

To make practical and simple rugs, cut up cloth into half-inch wide strips, taking pains to make them as even as possible. Sew them end to end strongly, and with care make them smooth and even as may be. Put all colors separate, making a ball of each sort. When this is done begin by crocheting with a large hook either a long strip or a circle, according to the shape of the rug desired.

It is well to work back and forth rather than round and round, as in the latter case the rug is more likely to curl up at the edges. Crochet one color after another, to make stripes and finish off with a border of something bright, red being the best.

If carefully handled, strong and durable floor-coverings may be made in this way. Silk can be cut or torn into strips and wrought into curtains or draperies of various sorts, or very pretty and delicate foot-cushion coverings can be made in this way, or rugs to spread over the couch or to cover the when one sleeps.

THE DOCTOR EXPLAINED.

He Didn't Know Himself Why the Drugs Cured and Couldn't Tell.

It began in this way: Col. —, late of the Indian army, a valued patient and good friend, with no other vice than a mania for inquiring into the why and wherefore of things, consulted me about certain symptoms of gout that were causing him some anxiety, and I, having run him through the gamut of questions without which no consultation is supposed to be complete, prescribed for him. The seventh morning after—a morning destined to be fatal to my future peace of mind—he turned up again, cured, buoyant, grateful, but alas! curious.

"You know, old man," he commented, "that from a child I have been cursed with a brutal analytical mania, and I have come to ask you (in a purely friendly spirit) a few questions about this wonderful prescription of yours that has so completely cured me."

He slowly drew the thing from his pocket. "I should not take this liberty," he continued, "were I not aware of the fact that medicine is of all sciences the least mysterious and the most above-board."

I was beginning to feel a little uncomfortable, when, having carefully read the paper, he launched out—"I notice there are here seven distinct drugs. Now, will you kindly start by telling me if in combination they act with their seven different potencies unpreserved, or, by mixing them, are you aiming at some new salt that holds in solution the unaltered capacity of each?"

By this time I had broken out into a cold perspiration, and, rising from my chair, I asked him if he would excuse me while I went to the dining-room for some matches. Returning, I sat down with the emphasis of a man who means it, and with some deliberation said, "I think so." He frowned his dissatisfaction, and so, by way of parenthesis, I added, "I need scarcely remind you, a man of science, that where perfect chemical compounds, in contradistinction to mechanical mixtures, are formed by their amalgamation entirely upon exosomes, the atomatic efficacy of each alkaloid must remain always in the inverse ratio of its specific gravity."

He followed me without an effort, and smiling his thanks, continued: "Quite so; but now tell me which of these seven drugs cured me. Do you mind going for one moment into details? I'll take first this one" (he read it with cruel sloth): "Potas. lod." Now to what class of drug, if any, does this belong? Never mind me, old fellow; speak out." I did, cautiously but courageously.

"It's an alterative." "A—beg your pardon?" "An alterative." "Which means?" "Something that alters." "Alters what?"

"Well, look here, Colonel—I will descend to the level of the lay mind—it alters your diathesis!"

"My —!"

"Your diathesis; which means simply the long reverberating mountain-echo of inherent tendencies, the whispered curse of progenitors that has curled your urates and rendered your phosphates luminous—you follow me?"

He nodded pleasantly, and said: "Thanks, awfully, for making it so clear to me; but let us go on. I want now to come to the next drug, opium—what does this belong to?"

"It is God's gift to man; it is the tear of the poppy that has first blushed and then wept for us; it is!"

"No, no, please don't. To what order of drug does it belong?"

"It's a sedative."

"But I thought it increased sensation. De Quincey tells us so."

"Quite so; but—excuse me, I want some more matches."

When I returned he had helped himself to refreshments, got his wind, and reloaded. "Now, then, I want particularly to know what are the intrinsic properties of opium. Of course, a specialist like yourself would not prescribe so powerful a drug without knowing, but to an amateur like myself it is a little confusing."

My head was beginning to swim, and as a last resource, I suggested postponing the discussion for some future day, as I was anxious to talk to him about Home Rule (anything was better than this). But no, there was no shunting him off the line of his fad; and so, carefully closing the door, and binding him down to perfect secrecy, I laid my whole soul bare before him.

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NOTES REvised and Amended.

If Cleopatra were alive to-day the length of her nose would have little to do in determining her career. Noses, as other traits in the present advanced state of surgery, are merely determinate features. It is only a question of time when one shall read on the outer wall, "Noses altered while you wait." If a pig nose does not harmonize with the other features or a pensive disposition, it is easily changed by removing a wedge-shaped piece between the nostrils. This is done without pain by spraying the nose with cocaine. If a Roman nose gives one the air of being too dominant, the hump is removed by making an incision, cutting the flesh away, and a steel burr, run by an electric motor, easily grinds down the hump. The skin, then trimmed to fit, sewed and properly bound, soon heals. Cocaine again renders the operation a mere detail. In the same manner large mouths are transformed into dainty shapes by removing the surplus at the corners and sewing them up. The surgeon who is the authority for these statements says that the time will come when skin-grafting will be so easily managed that another countenance may be ordered, like a new bonnet.—New York Evening Sun.

SHREWISH MRS. LAMONT.

How Baby Ruth's Photograph Was Taken.

Mrs. Lamont plotted and successfully carried out a clever scheme whereby she kept a promise she made, and at the same time went clear of an annoyance to the President and Mrs. Cleveland.

Soon after Baby Ruth was born a photographer got Mrs. Lamont to promise him that she would let him take a picture of the child. The Cleveland decided that while they wanted pictures of the child for themselves and their friends, they did not wish her picture to be scattered broadcast and used as an advertisement for baby food, sterilized milk and the like.

The other day the photographer asked Mrs. Lamont to redeem her promise. "Why, you have photographed the baby," said she, "only you didn't know it."

It seems that Mrs. Lamont, true to her promise, sent Baby Ruth to the gallery, but did not let the photographer know that he was looking at the President's daughter from under the black cloth.

"Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland are pleased with the pictures," added Mrs. Lamont. And now the photographer is wondering which of the multitude of infants is Baby Ruth. So far he has been unable to fix the identity, and has negative, and it is not likely that he ever will fix it. Mrs. Lamont took good care of that.—Philadelphia Press.

PASSED HER LIFE AS A MAN.

Australia is fertile in sensations, says the Westminster Gazette. The latest—a case of disguised sex—is that of Private Jorgenson, late of the Victorian Rifles. Though passing for twenty years under the name of Jack Jorgenson, her real name was Johanna Marguerita Jorgenson. Her career has been a most extraordinary character.

When a pretty girl of sixteen, according to her sister's account, she received a sad disfigurement by a kick on the nose and one of her eyes by a horse. Jorgenson herself accounted for her deformity by declaring that she received her injuries in the Schleswig-Holstein war, in which she had fought on the side of Germany. She showed a medal which she had received for service in the field, and claimed to have received special commendation in connection with the wound she sustained.

Whichever story be correct, it is clear she commenced her extraordinary career of masquerading as a man near a quarter of a century ago, and under most unlikely circumstances, preserved the secret of her sex throughout that period. Some twenty years ago she appeared in the Rumpledine district of Victoria dressed as a bushman, and selected a block of land which she commenced to farm. She, however, did not attend very assiduously to her country duties, but employed men to clear and fence her selection while she wandered about the colonies delivering lectures and canvassing for an insurance company. The latter found it difficult to get rid of her until a threat of medical examination induced her to retire.

One of her strangest escapades was to join the mounted rifles, where